

Cathedral is very proud of her minstrels' gallery and rood-screen among other things. On the stone panels of the rood-screen are paintings of different biblical scenes, and the effect is very curious.

But, alas! our fortnight was drawing to a close, and one fine summer morning we were whirled northwards, taking with us delightful memories of Devonshire friends and the summer assembly of the N. H.-R. U. of '98.

H. F. DE M.

OUR VISIT TO PARIS.

THE first thing that attracted our eye on nearing the white cliffs and green slopes of Dieppe was a very large advertisement. "Dieppe's New Attraction—Golf Links," and I wondered if this was going to be characteristic of our whole visit to France, if we had really brought Great Britain with us. But when we were safely settled in the railway carriage, and looked out of the windows as the train moved slowly and cautiously along the middle of the street, passing men in blouses and wide trousers made of light blue cotton, and women in large white "bonnets," we felt that we were quite in France. The journey to Paris was hot, dusty and uneventful, and we were not sorry to leave our compartment at the Gare St. Lazare, where we were met by Madame Ch——, who welcomed us most kindly. We got into a cab drawn by two small horses, and seemed to slide along the brilliantly-lit streets, past the Opera, the majestic Louvre, and across the river, just catching sight of the grey towers of Notre Dame, and the slender spire of the Sainte Chapelle. Madame Ch——'s house was in the Latin Quarter, which we soon found out by the resemblance of the people who we used to meet to the pictures in *Tribly*,—a very queer-looking set, most of them. We were delighted to find ourselves close to the Panthéon, the Louvre, Notre Dame and the Palais de Justice. The day after our arrival we found our way to the Louvre, and spent the first of several delightful afternoons with Murillo, Andrea del Sarto, Raphaël, Leonardo da Vinci,

Luini, Titian, Veronese, Carpaccio, etc., who seemed almost like old acquaintances after Mrs. Firth's lectures.

There was a delightful little old museum just opposite Madame's house, the Musée de Cluny, where the beautiful old wood-carving especially gave us great delight. In the hot mornings we sometimes use to go and sit in the shady garden of this Musée, watching the little girls playing on the sandy paths with bucket and shovel, the boys marching about with toy guns and swords, all in deep earnest over their games.

In spite of the great heat, we made some nice expeditions down the Seine to Saint Cloud and Sèvres on these amusing little steam-boats, which seem to move about from pier to pier like bees from flower to flower, and on which one may see such a variety of French life—the workman taking his wife and child out into the country for the day, the old maid with her two or three precious lap-dogs, the proud papa with his pretty young daughters, talking and laughing gaily or playing "pile ou face" for sous.

We visited a good many churches. One of the most interesting that we saw was St. Etienne du Mont, close to the Panthéon; in it is the tomb of St. Geneviève, and also a "jubé," the only one remaining in Paris, dating from 1600; it is a sort of bridge stretching across the aisle, ascended at each end by a beautiful spiral staircase of stone-work, and it was the stage on which the Mystères used to be acted.

We spent a most delightful day in the woods at Meudon on the Fête of the Assumption, and saw Paris of the middle-class out enjoying itself. Whole families plus connections arrived in vans and carts and dined, sitting on the ferns among the trees; after dinner the fun began, in which everyone joined, grandpapa, grand-mamma, uncles, aunts, cousins, babies, dogs, etc.; the chief games were "Puss in the Corner" and "Blind Man's Buff;" in the latter game the great idea seemed to be for the girls to put on the coats and hats of the men; it was played in a rougher way than we are accustomed to, the "Blind Man" being the butt of many tricks, which made the situation anything but an enviable one. During part of our stay the weather was so hot that we could not go out at all during the day-time, but about 8-30 p.m. we used to sally forth, accompanied by Honorine, the "bonne," in her crisp white cap, if we intended to walk, but just by ourselves if we were going for a drive on the top of an omnibus or tram. Paris was very mysterious and exciting at this time of the day; the

cafés, their chairs and tables set out on the broad pavements of the Boulevards, were crowded with men and women, smoking, laughing and drinking,—a gay scene indeed. I must say it was pleasanter to watch this from the top of an omnibus than from such close quarters as the pavement, where we were marked at once as “strangers in a strange land.”

We noticed a great variety of street cries, some of them quite musical, others simply grotesque. “Voilà la Patrie,” the voice skimming lightly over the first four syllables, but pausing and descending the scale on the last, was startling enough when shouted close to our ear as we went hurrying along the dark, crowded streets at night.

Once or twice we accompanied Honorine to the market in the morning, to buy the provisions for the day, and there it was amusing to hear the remarks and retorts of buyers and sellers, who sometimes seemed to come pretty nearly to blows; however, on the whole, good humour was general. We were much struck by the neat appearance of the women, who, however poor they were, always contrived to look clean and were respectably dressed. We did not see any poor men who had no work to do, but there were plenty of men of the better class who seemed to have nothing better to do than to walk about the streets, not always behaving quite politely to passers-by. I do not think that in England and Scotland foreigners are so much noticed or remarked on in the streets as they are in Paris; at first it was rather an ordeal to go out because of this, but by degrees we got accustomed to it and did not mind it in the least.

At first we had great difficulty in finding our way about, the streets were so confusing and we used to apply to the “sergents de ville,” but as these very seldom directed us correctly we had to rely on our guide-book and what we possessed of common sense, and found that we got on much better.

On the whole, our stay in Paris was a very pleasant experience, quite novel and different from our life at home, and although I should not like to live there always, yet I hope to return some day to the gay city with its beautiful buildings and interesting people.

A BOY WITH A WRONG-WAY-ROUND BRAIN.

I AM teaching a little girl and boy, aged eight and six years respectively; she is in every way as sharp as a needle, but he is not, and often it is a hard job to get him to take in what you want; but once he does, it sticks there. He is very affectionate and devoted to his mother and little baby sister, but I am sorry to say he is very bad-tempered and easily offended. He used to throw himself on the floor and kick and scream if I told him to do anything and it was not just as he liked. Now he is much better, but I still see signs of it, especially when I return after holidays. In some ways he is a great baby, and cries for nothing; then, on the other hand, he is what I call a “regular little man,” fond of all kinds of sport, and very quick in remembering anything in connection with it. For instance, he often goes out shooting with his father and remembers exactly what happened when last they were at this or that place; too well sometimes, as he says, “Dad, this is the field where uncle Harry was the only one who shot anything,” and other remarks of this sort.

I give these few details to my readers, as I want them to know a little about the boy, so that they can perhaps better account for his peculiarity, which is this—that he does things the wrong way round.

I daresay many will say that is nothing unusual, I did the same; but did you also read and write backwards? It strikes me as being most peculiar, and I wonder if anything can be wrong with the brain. When first I taught — he was very bad in this way, but now perhaps for days he does everything perfectly; then comes a morning when all is the wrong way round. If he makes figures, each character is written from right to left. A word with letters, say “shed,” is D E H S, and often he cannot see what is wrong. On his bad mornings I very often have to make a figure myself to see which way it really goes,—it is most confusing when he keeps asking, “Is this the right way round?”

As soon as — gets the least bit tired he is worse and looks